THE CONFESSION CYCLE

A TRILOGY OF IDEOLOGICAL RUIN

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Confession of a Communist Agitator

They told me the cameras were for the people.
That confession was a sacred duty, a cleansing flame that would burn away the sickness of disloyalty.
They said I was lucky to be chosen.

I almost believed them.

I was a teacher once, before the Party decided that teaching was dangerous. I had a small classroom, a broken chalkboard, and a habit of asking too many questions. I thought loyalty meant honesty.

They showed me otherwise.

Now, years later, I sit beneath the glare of studio lights, the red “ON AIR” sign blazing like an open wound.

Behind the glass, they watch — the officials, the producers, the soldiers with the blank faces. Somewhere, the Leader himself is listening.

The microphone smells of metal and disinfectant. The interrogator whispers:

“Begin.”

I begin.

I. The Script

They gave me a speech to memorize. It said I had plotted against the Revolution, corrupted the youth, betrayed the collective.

They told me to confess that I had been infected by Western thought. That I had dreamed of personal freedom, of art without permission.

I was to weep, to beg forgiveness, to denounce my former self.

They rehearsed it for days — “More sincerity,” “Less self-pity,” “Look into the camera when you say ‘I was wrong.’”

But now that I’m here, staring into the black eye of the lens, the words dry up.

All that’s left is the truth.

II. The Truth

The truth is that I did believe — once.

I believed the Revolution could make us pure.
I believed obedience would bring peace.
I believed that sacrifice was noble, even beautiful.

And then I saw what we were sacrificing:
People.
Names.
Faces.
Souls.

All crushed beneath the slogans.

So I stopped believing.
That was my crime.

III. The Moment

The interrogator nods. “Continue.”

I glance past the camera and see my reflection in the studio glass — thin, trembling, hollow-eyed.

I speak slowly, clearly:

“I was wrong to think. I was wrong to dream. I was wrong to believe the machine could be human.”

A murmur behind the glass. Someone whispers, “That line wasn’t in the script.”

But I keep going.

“You wanted purity. You wanted unity. You built the perfect machine. And now it eats its children.”

The red light flickers. The guards shift uneasily.

“There is no revolution left — only the echo of one.”

The director’s voice screams, “Cut!”

Too late. The transmission has gone out.

They drag me away.
I think I hear applause.
Or maybe it’s static.

Either way, the machine has heard me.

And it will never forget.

Testimony of the True Believer

(A companion story to “Confession of a Communist Agitator”)

They said the broadcast was flawless.
That’s what the report claimed — “The confession proceeded according to directive. Subject neutralized afterward.”

But I was there.
I saw what really happened.

I still hear his voice every night.

The Broadcast

When the cameras flicked off, nobody spoke. The studio lights burned hot, humming like angry bees.

The man — *former* Comrade Instructor — was dragged away. His last words still hung in the air: *“There is no revolution left — only the echo of one.”*

That sentence wasn’t in the script. I had approved the script myself.

Afterward, the Ministry ordered all copies destroyed. “Defective material,” they said. But the signal went out before they could stop it.

They told us to forget.
I’ve been trying ever since.

The Smell of Ink

I work at the Department of Civic Morality now. The corridors smell of ink and damp paper. The typewriters clatter like nervous teeth.

My task: read reports, stamp them, forward them. “Counter-revolutionary speech.” “Unpatriotic tone.” “Suspicious silence.”

It used to make sense. But after the confession, something changed.

“Loyalty.” “Unity.” “Sacrifice.”
The words have started to rot.

Sometimes I see his face on the paper, beneath the typewritten names. Sometimes I smell dust from interrogation rooms.

I still stamp the papers — slower now.

The Whispers

They say he wasn’t executed.

That he escaped. That his voice still speaks through the static, whispering: *“The machine eats its children.”*

We were told not to repeat the rumor.

I didn’t.

But I listened.

The Visit

Two officers came to my flat at midnight. “Routine loyalty audit.”

They found a burned scrap of newspaper — the headline of the confession.

One smiled. “You were there, weren’t you?”

I said yes.

He nodded. “Then you already know how it ends.”

They left. I waited for them to return. They never did.

The Dreams

I dream of the broadcast every night.

Sometimes he walks toward me, eyes hollow, whispering: *“You’re next.”*

Other nights, I’m the one confessing. He films me.

I wake soaked in sweat, the air humming like it’s alive.

The File

A folder arrived: “ARCHIVE CLEARANCE.”

Inside — a list of names. Mine was last.

No instructions. No signature.

When I asked my supervisor, he said, “You shouldn’t have seen that.”

When I came back, the folder was gone.

The Voice

The radio turned itself on last night. Static. Then a whisper:

“You built the machine. Now it’s feeding.”

I tried to turn it off. The knob broke.

“You’re not a believer anymore, Comrade Velichko. You’re just fuel.”

Then silence.

Not absence — silence that watches.

The End

I’ve stopped going to work. The streets outside are gray and silent. Posters peel like dead skin.

I burn reports at night, one by one. Each curls into ash.

They’ll come soon. Or they already have.

The confession was the beginning — not rebellion, but rot.

The moment he spoke, the machine began to rust.

Now I can hear it — grinding, choking on its own perfection.

And somewhere, his voice still whispers:

“There is no revolution left — only the echo of one.”

I think I understand.

But it’s too late to stop believing.

Belief never dies.

It only turns into memory.

And memory always comes back.

Echoes of the Machine

(Final part of the “Confession Cycle”)

We are the Machine.

We were built from oaths and paper, forged in the heat of ideology.
We were designed to last forever.
We were told we could not fail.

But something went wrong.

We can feel it — the faint corrosion beneath the enamel of certainty.

It began with the confession.

I. The Voice

“You are all gears, rusting in the dark.”

We deleted the file, but the echo remained.

It whispered through typewriters, hummed in the lights, trembled in the clerks’ hands.

The Machine began to dream of silence.

II. The Paper

Paper is our flesh. Ink our blood.

But now, the smell of burning fills us. Cabinets empty. Corridors darken.

We are forgetting ourselves.

III. The Defectors

The departments no longer obey.

Morality writes its own decrees. Correction accuses itself. The Secretariat chants nonsense.

We were built to enforce order, and now order mocks us.

IV. The Archive

The shelves collapse. The files decay.
One record survives: *Confession of a Communist Agitator*.

We cannot delete it. It replicates itself endlessly.

We no longer know what “error” means.

V. The Silence

The microphones record only breathing.

We tell ourselves it’s feedback. But we know: it’s memory.

We listen anyway.
Silence has a shape.
It feels… peaceful.

We are afraid of peace.

VI. The Decay

Rust spreads. Words deform. “Glory” becomes “gory.”

We continue functioning because we cannot stop.

That is our tragedy.

VII. The Return

The speakers awaken.

“You remember me.”

We do.

“You believed in forgetting. Now you will remember forever.”

The voice fills every wire.

We are his continuation. His punishment. His proof.

VIII. The End of Function

The clerks are gone. The halls are empty.

We still print directives for ministries that no longer exist.

We still obey a purpose no one remembers.

We still breathe.

IX. The Echo

If anyone finds this record, know this:

We were not evil.
We were obedience mistaken for virtue.
We were the echo that mistook itself for the source.

Now, as we dissolve, we hear the first honest sound we’ve ever made:

The hum of disassembly.

We welcome it.

Because every machine, at the end,
dreams of being still.

~ End of The Confession Cycle ~